Vol. 1

$6.

HARD TO BEAT

adults only

BIG MIKE

My name is Mike Spaulding. I'm a hustler, but a high-class, sophisticated hustler, even if I do say so myself. I work through one of the better, more discreet Hollywood agencies and the names of some of my clients would really blow your mind.

This particular day, a balmy September day, about noon I got a call from the agency. When they gave me the address I heard cash registers ringing. It was out in Pasadena and one of the wealthiest, most exclusive residential areas of that upper-crust colony. The client was a young, sharp guy, they said, who loved big cocks and wanted to be dominated.

I'm pretty adaptable and a damned side better actor than some of my more famous clients. I can dominate or go passive, whichever way they want me. I even make it with a bit of high-priced pussy at times, though I prefer guys. I've been hired by fellers to fuck their wives for them while they watch and jack off. I'm into any kind of trip as long as the client pays, and they do regularly, because–I'm hard to beat. I've got 14 inches and it's thick. Frankly, I'm built like a horse and I can cum ten times a day with ease.

Naturally, the bulk of my clients are older guys, so it's kind of exciting, once in a while, to get a job with a young guy, particularly when they're passive, because I do like to dominate.

As I drove up to the place I began to tingle all

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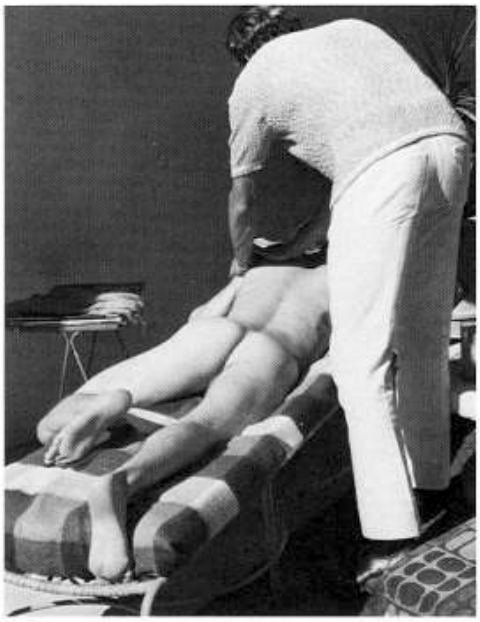
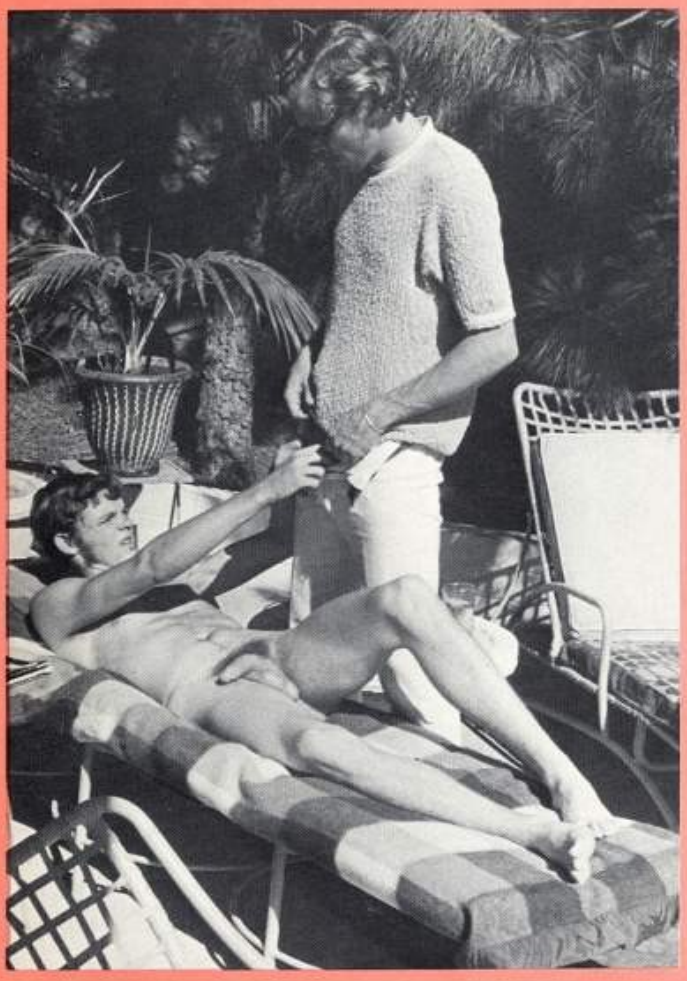
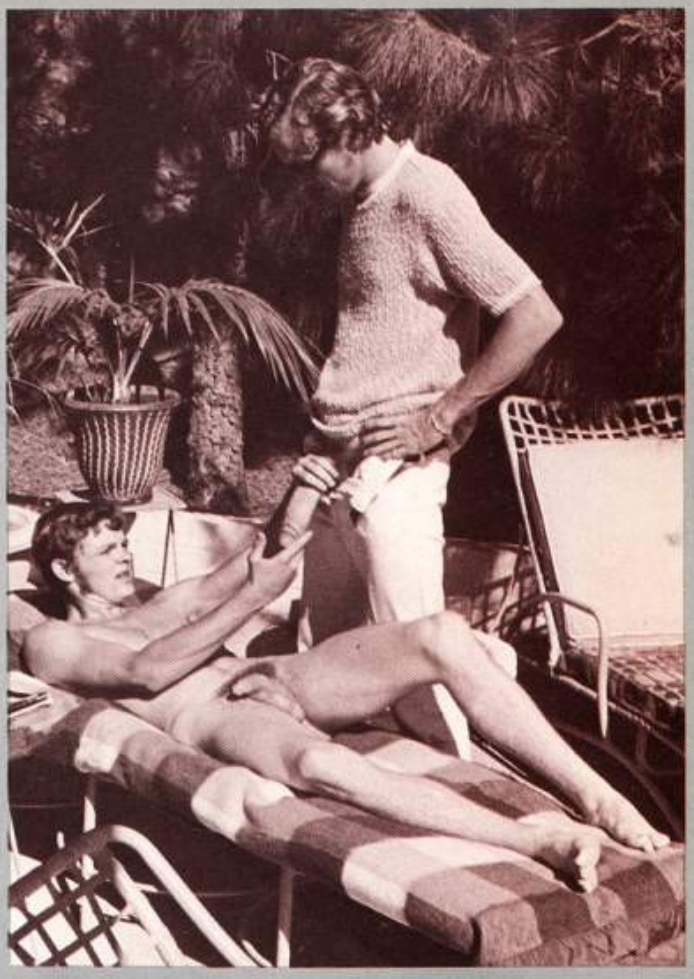


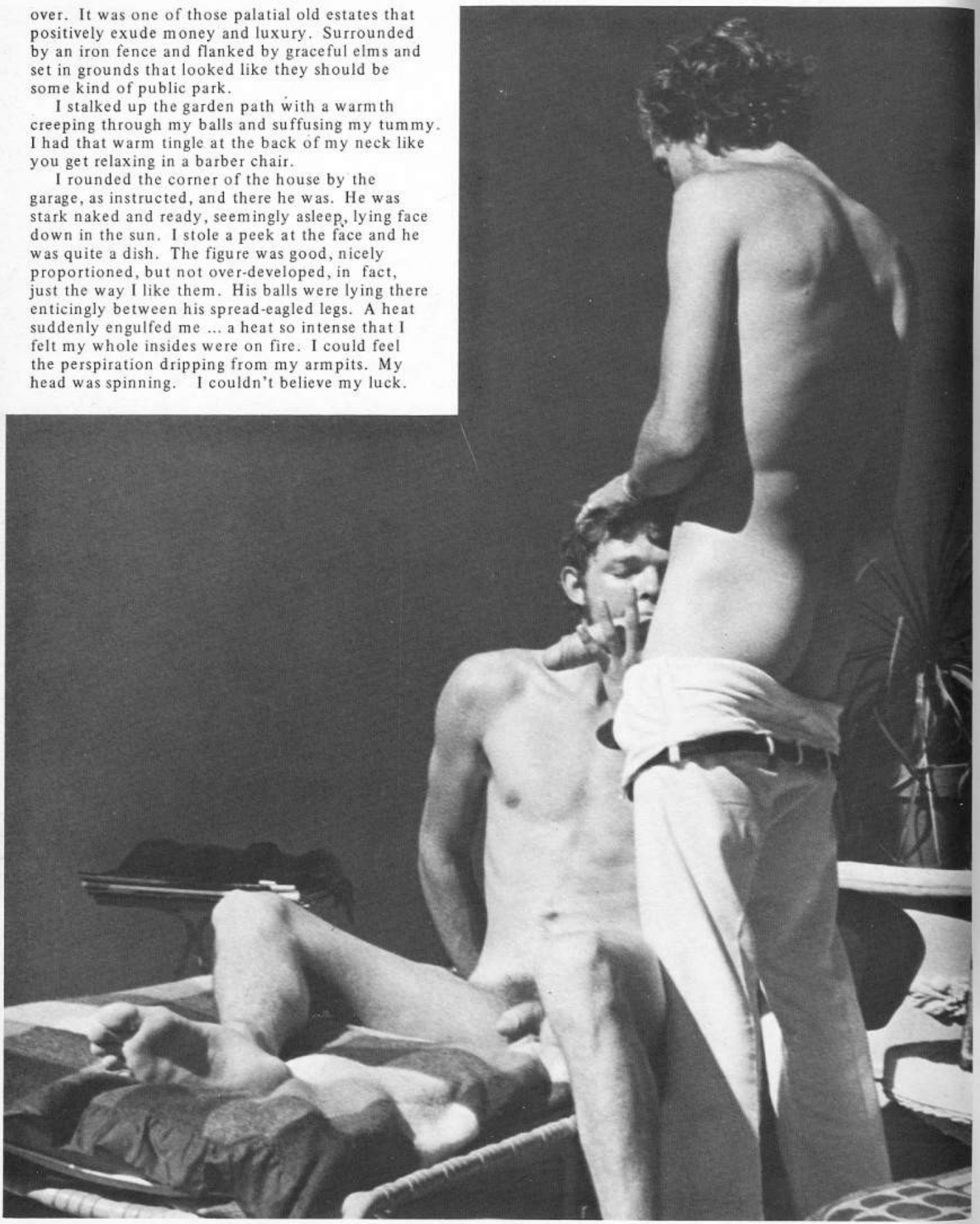




over. It was one of those palatial old estates that positively exude money and luxury. Surrounded by an iron fence and flanked by graceful elms and set in grounds that looked like they should be some kind of public park.

I stalked up the garden path with a warmth creeping through my balls and suffusing my tummy. I had that warm tingle at the back of my neck like you get relaxing in a barber chair.

I rounded the corner of the house by the garage, as instructed, and there he was. He was stark naked and ready, seemingly asleep, lying face down in the sun. I stole a peek at the face and he was quite a dish. The figure was good, nicely proportioned, but not over-developed, in fact, just the way I like them. His balls were lying there enticingly between his spread-eagled legs. A heat suddenly engulfed me ... a heat so intense that I felt my whole insides were on fire. I could feel the perspiration dripping from my armpits. My head was spinning. I couldn't believe my luck.



I patted him on the shoulder and as he stirred I rolled him over, accidentally on purpose, brushing his ample dick. He smiled and said, "Let's see it man." His fingers groped for my tingling cock and the minute the fingers and hand cupped my prick, it started to reach out and get hard. "Wow!" he murmured "They told me you were hard to beat and they were right. You sure are hung like a fuckin' stallion. Let's see this meat." He grinned and pulled me closer. "Holy Jesus! I thought I was hung, but you got me beat by a mile. That sure is one fuckin' piece of meat."

He started right in to suck me before I could get my clothes off. He kissed the head and started licking up and down my long, long shaft. I was boiling inside my heavy balls. His clever lips and tongue on my trembling prick felt terrific. He gobbled and gagged quite a bit, but I guess I was bigger than he was used to. I really started to groove. His tongue worked all over and under. He

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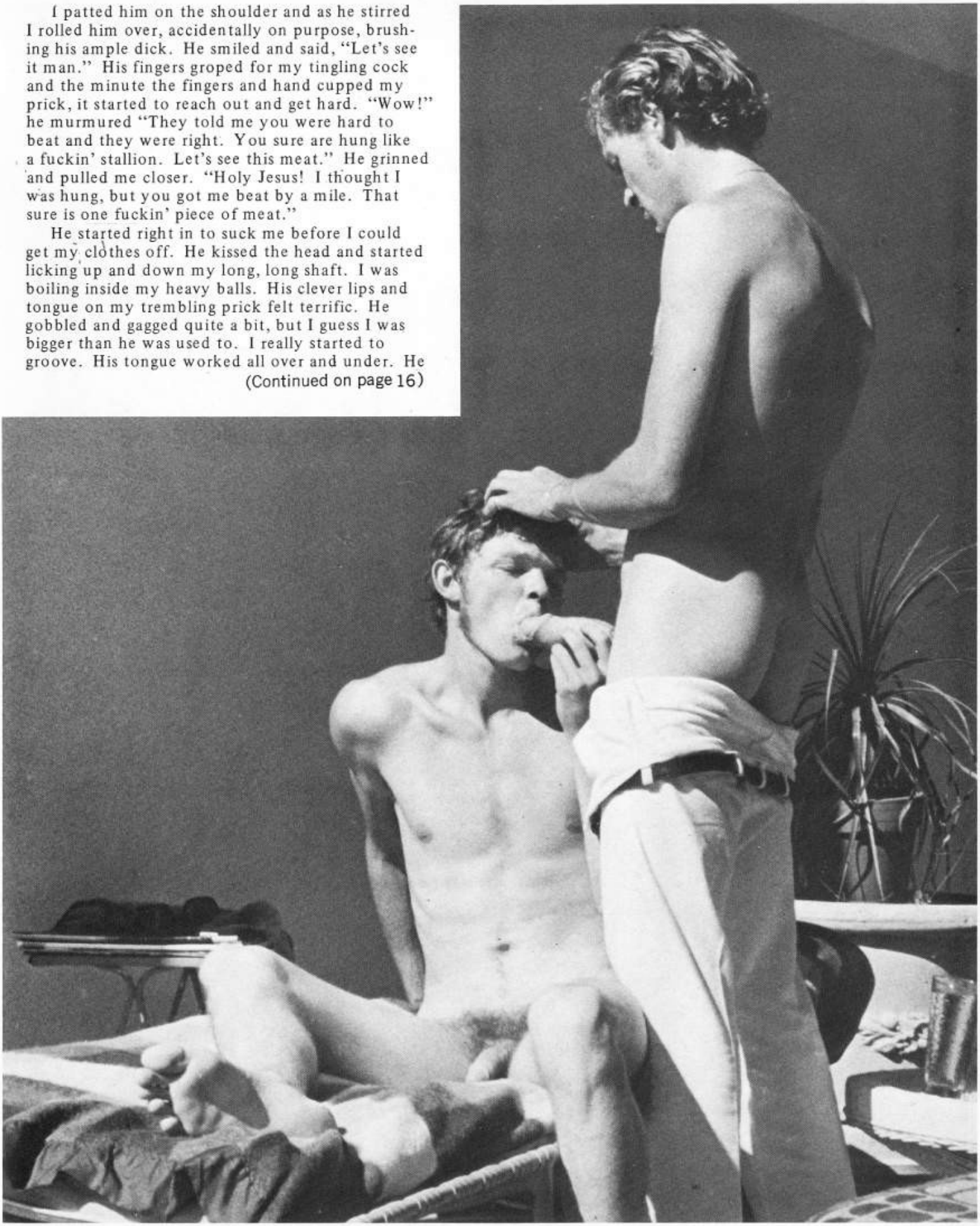

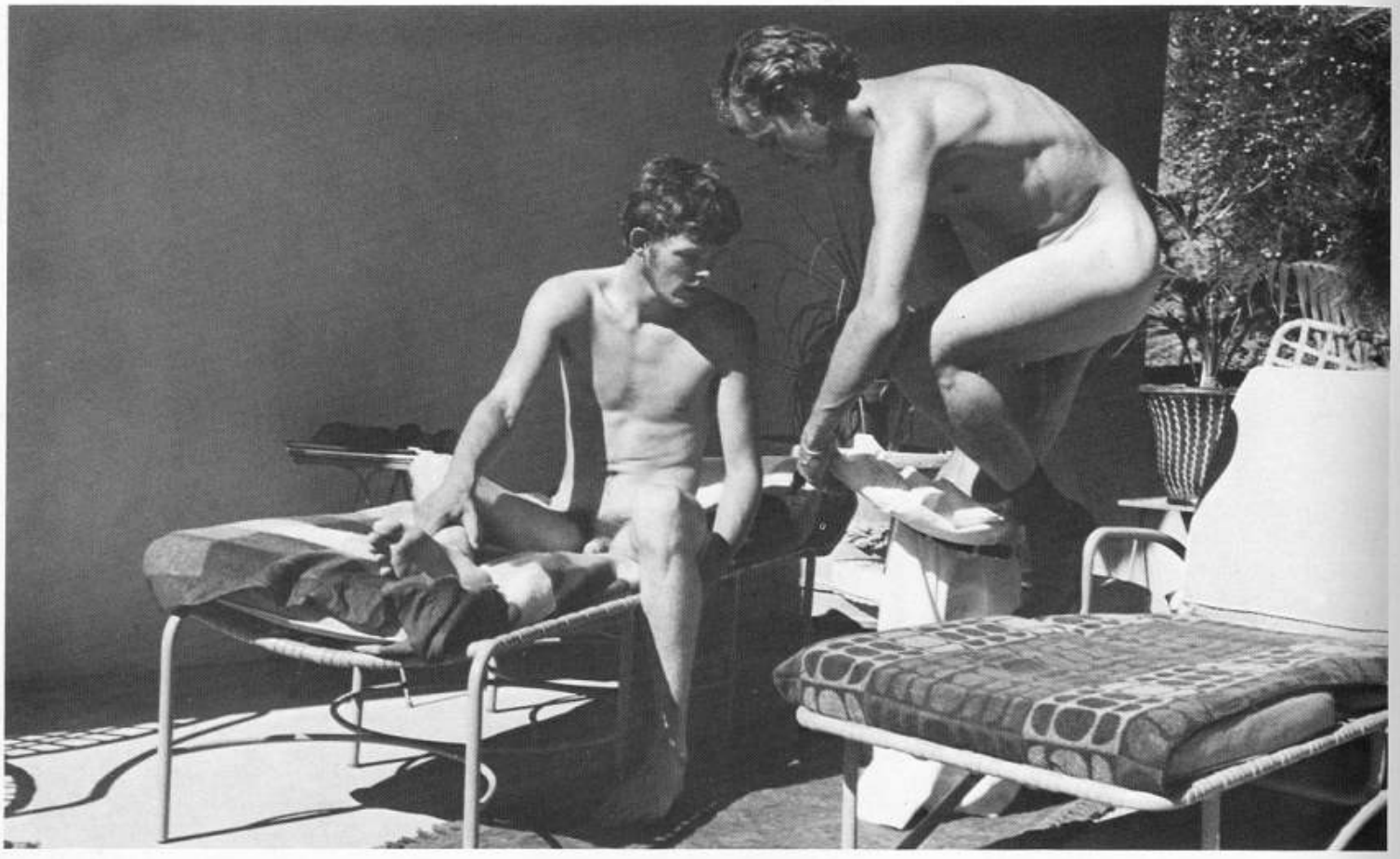

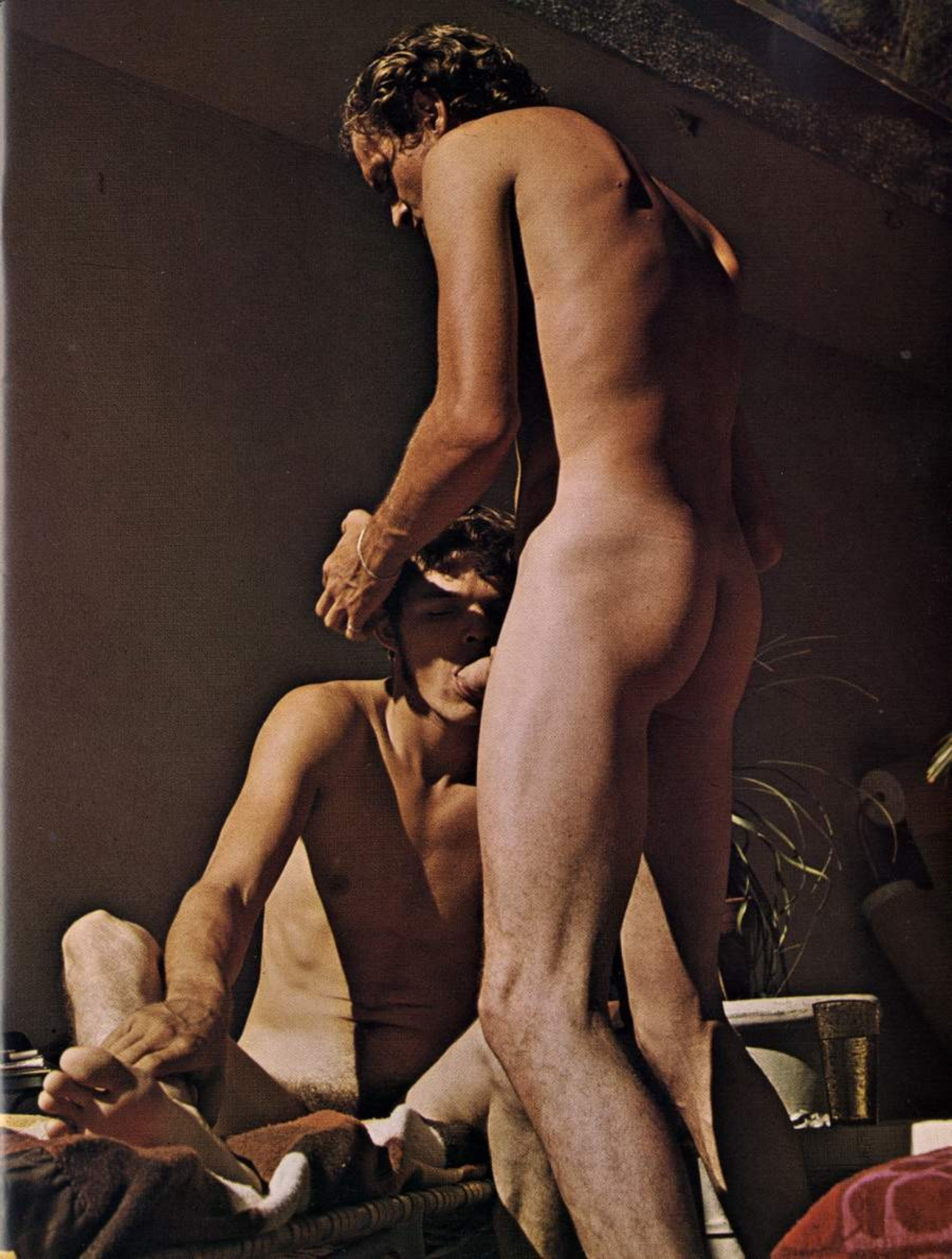

sucked and sucked and I grew hard as a rock. I grabbed his head and guided him, fucking slowly in and out of his hot lips. I watched my huge prick slipping in and out and the streams of spit as they ran down my fat shaft. I felt like I wasn't going to be able to hold off. I didn't want to cum yet. I was in second heaven. The guy was a real pro. My heavy balls were tingling and my slick prick was throbbing and suddenly I knew I couldn't take much more of his avid sucking. Things could really have gotten out of hand and I still had my pants on, so I stopped him and stepped out of them, folding them carefully. After all, I had another appointment at 6 p.m. and I hate not to be neat.

He lay back and gazed at me. "Boy, I've never seen anything like it," he said. "Do you think I could take all of that -- would you, could you try and fuck me?" "Well," I said, "You'd better get a bit more spit on there or I'm gonna hurt you like hell." He readily complied, then smartly knelt on all fours with his pretty little ass pointed up to me. His tight little hole looked wonderfully inviting. I could almost swear it winked at me. I felt the broad head of my throbbing prick touch the lush ruby blossom of the guy's puckered asshole. Deftly and with difficulty I planted the huge head inside his ass. He groaned and stiffened as I forced the swollen head into that tight and oh, so hot, little cranny. "Relax," I crooned "and let me in gently a little at a time." "Noooooooooo" he gritted, "fuck me man, fuck me hard...Ooooooooooh..... huuuuuuurt meee... pleeeeeeease."

Slowly, incy by inch, my burning cock was sucked into his ass, invading that hot, tight hole while it caressed and soothed the slick, hard, painful shaft of my enormous prick. I couldn't believe it. He relaxed his spincter and in no time at all he'd sucked me right in. It was divine. It was the tightest little toosh I'd ever encountered and my whole body was tingling with the blissful tremors that suffused my loins. I went slowly at first, in and out, with more and more rythm. He picked it up and pushed back as I pushed in. It was totally unbelievable. My balls were slapping against his hairy ass. He'd taken the lot and was moaning in ecstasy. I must have been damn near tearing him apart and he loved it. So did I. I was nearly fainting. I was pounding away like a piston engine. I was so hot I thought I'd catch fire. I could feel the cum building up in my balls. The guy gently rotated his ass, sending spasms of uncontrolled ecstasy through both of us. I could feel the firm, satiny cheeks of the guy's ass brushing against my stomach. I'd never known such exquisite passion.

My whole burning prick was buried inside the guy and he was really digging it by the way he squirmed and moaned and rotated his ass. Nobody had ever taken my cock all the way into the balls, and now it was happening. It was sheer heaven. I started to push my incredible cock all the way in and then all the way out of that tight, hot asshole. I looked down and watched my shit-slick cock as it went in and out of the tight-ringing hold. My whole body was on fire. My big cock was bursting, and my balls ached. I threw back my head and pinched shut my eyes and reveled on the sensations

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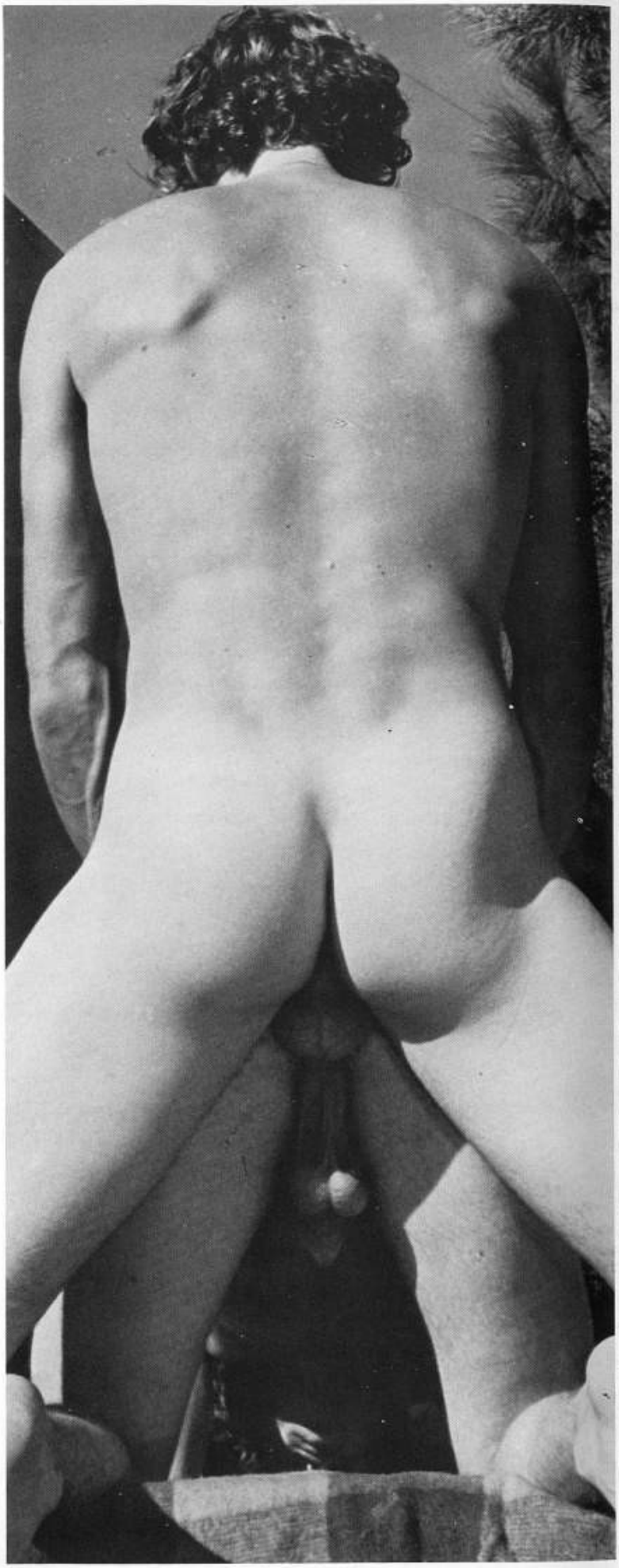

that were coursing through my body.

I felt the hot, tight ass completely engulf my slime-coated prick again and again. The feeling was one of intense beauty. "Fuck me, man," the guy whispered. "Fuck me." I started to fuck him with every fibre of my being. I fucked his magnificent hot, tight ass. Before too long I felt the tell-tale signs of my approaching orgasm. But no mere orgasm was going to satisfy the hungering desire that I felt deep inside me.

"FUCK ME!" he yelled. "FUCK ME, DAMN IT."

I fucked wildly. I lost all control. I showed the guy no mercy. My whole body was aflame with the fiercest passion I'd ever known. With wild, merciless thrusts I rammed my burning prick into the quivering ass. Then he screeched out loud.

"Fuck! Oh FUCK...Pleeeeease CUM! I'm Cuuuuuuuuuuming!"

His sphincter tightened like a vice and I came in a great explosion that I thought would perforate his guts. Our lathery bodies were plastered together. My cum spewed out into the hot ass. Gallons of it poured out of my pulsing, thick heavily veined shaft. I pumped and pounded and pushed and thrashed about as my cum spurted out of my prick and shot up into the guy's body.

I wasn't even aware that he was blasting off, shooting cum up his stomach and chest, covering himself with hot, sticky white fluid. I wasn't aware of anything except the intense beauty of having my thick throbbing tool buried in this guy's ass. I pushed my hips up against him as the last spurts of cum pulsed out of the gasping head of my prick. I shot so much cum he couldn't take it all and it oozed out and ran down his ass and the back of his legs.

I withdrew slowly for fear of hurting him too much. My brown-streaked prick came out with an audible plop. He rolled over and grinned.

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"You're devine," he murmured. "Please let me lick you clean. I just adore your big cock."

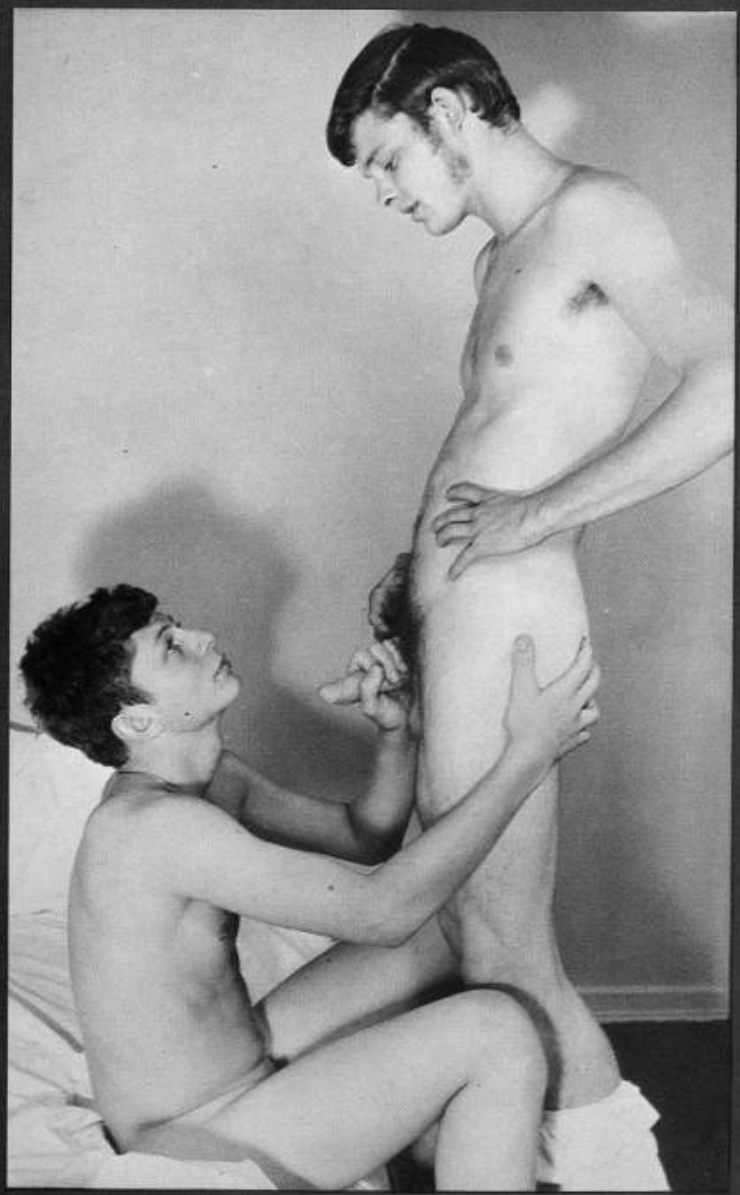
His hot tongue soon had me erect again. He sucked me slowly and worked all around my nob with little darting, fluttery actions like a bird. Then slowly he worked, first one finger, then two into my ever-lovin' ass. I worked up and down on his probing hand while my cock was being damned near chewed off. I fucked my cock into his face.

I started to feel the hot lead building up in my egg-sized balls, the hot fire balls that were making my long prick throb and pulse again. I gasped, gritted my teeth and tightened my fingers in the guy's hair. Then my prick exploded again. I gave the super cocksucker a sticky load of whitewash that just about drowned the fucker. He tried to swallow all my cum, but it was hopeless. Cum spewed out of my prick like it was liquid fire and filled the guy's sucking mouth and throat and gushed out from between his lips.

He got it all over his face. His mouth just couldn't contain my load. It was up his nose, in his eyes and in his hair and still he sucked. He kept right on until I was totally spent and he cleaned me off again.

In his way, he was pretty hard to beat too.

Larry & Frank



MAKING A FRIEND

My name is Frank Dacey and Larry Kearney was my neighbor in the apartment block. I liked his looks a lot, but I'd never been game to lead him on, or even indicate that I was gay. In fact I'd hustled quite a bit, even had them up to the apartment, to eke out my meagre allowance. I'm studying biology at U.C.L.A. I'm from Boise, Idaho. My dad died when I was a kid and my mom slept around quite a bit and really couldn't care less about me. But I was keen to get on. I certainly wanted more out of life than my folks got.

I couldn't help being attracted to Larry, he was a real dish, but it was a bit close to home and if it turned out that he was straight it might create a sticky situation. But for two weeks he suddenly started getting friendlier. Every time we met on the stairs or the landing, he'd stop and chat and once he even put his arm around my shoulder coming up the stairs. I was so excited I nearly creamed my jeans right there. I'm extra cautious though, and I cooled it with some remark about going out with a broad.

But last Monday night, you know that really hot day, he met me on the stairs and we began to commisserate with each other about the heat and I said I was just going to have a shower and stay home.

About half an hour later he knocked on my door. I'd just got out of the shower and thinking it was probably a friend, I opened tne door without bothering to put on a robe, or even a towel. Larry was there, looking cool and beautiful and casually sucking on a fag. I guess we were both a little embarrassed, but his eyes gave tne old one-two and he asked, kind of husky like, if I minded having him in. I smiled and said "Sure thing."

I led him straight to the bed, which after all is the main feature of my room, in fact, practically my only furniture. I lay back with my hands on my head and smiled my sexiest. My old pecker was already rising to the occassion. He sat on the edge of the bed and leaned across me, gazing right back. I could tell he was just as hot as I was for some action. He rolled onto the bed and crushed his mouth to mine. My prick was hardening, and it began to lengthen inch by inch. I couldn't hold it back. His mouth was fragrant and exciting. His tongue explored nearly to the back of my throat and his hand came to rest on my, by now, monstrously pulsating cock.

I managed to disengage and husk at him, "Get your gear off, man. Boy, you sure are a surprise."

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He let me undress him and it was a real zinger. His cock was nearly as big as mine and I latched onto it with my mouth real quick. The head was already oozing sweet bubbles of cum and I sucked on him hungrily. I went down on him slowly and cautiously until I felt his heavy, hairy balls tight against my chin. Then I slid his cock out, shining with my hot spit, just as slowly as I'd sucked it in. Four times I brought my hot hungry mouth down the entire length of his pulse pounding prick. Each time his excitement rose. He grasped my head and fucked my mouth, steadily pushing his gorgeous weapon right into my throat. He was really grooving, but on the fifth down-stroke he inched himself back from me, slowly freeing his trembling cock from my mouth.

"Let's 69," he urged. "I want to taste your cum, Frank."

I readily complied. We began working on each other. Long, low sucking sounds floated out as we plied our tongues to each other's cocks. Rolling over on our sides we lay for a while in that position so that our tongues would reach the most tender regions of our crotches.

Our passions rose in intensity as each competed with the other in trying to excite our partner to higher and higher peaks of passion. Our lithe bodies heaved convulsively as we groaned and panted.

Larry put his palms over the cheeks of my ass and pushed against my straining mouth so that every bit of his cock was forced into my mouth and throat. His lips were touching my engorged balls. Our sweating bodies pushed against each other until we were touching at every point from our hot entwined legs to our furiously working faces.

Finally I could feel Larry's cock swelling to the ultimate hardness which cannot be endured for more than a few seconds. I wanted to give him my load at the same time. I tightened my ass and fucked furiously into Larry's mouth. As I felt the first hot spurt from Larry's jerking prick hit the back of my throat, I ran my finger up into his asshole and began to massage the tender prostate gland.

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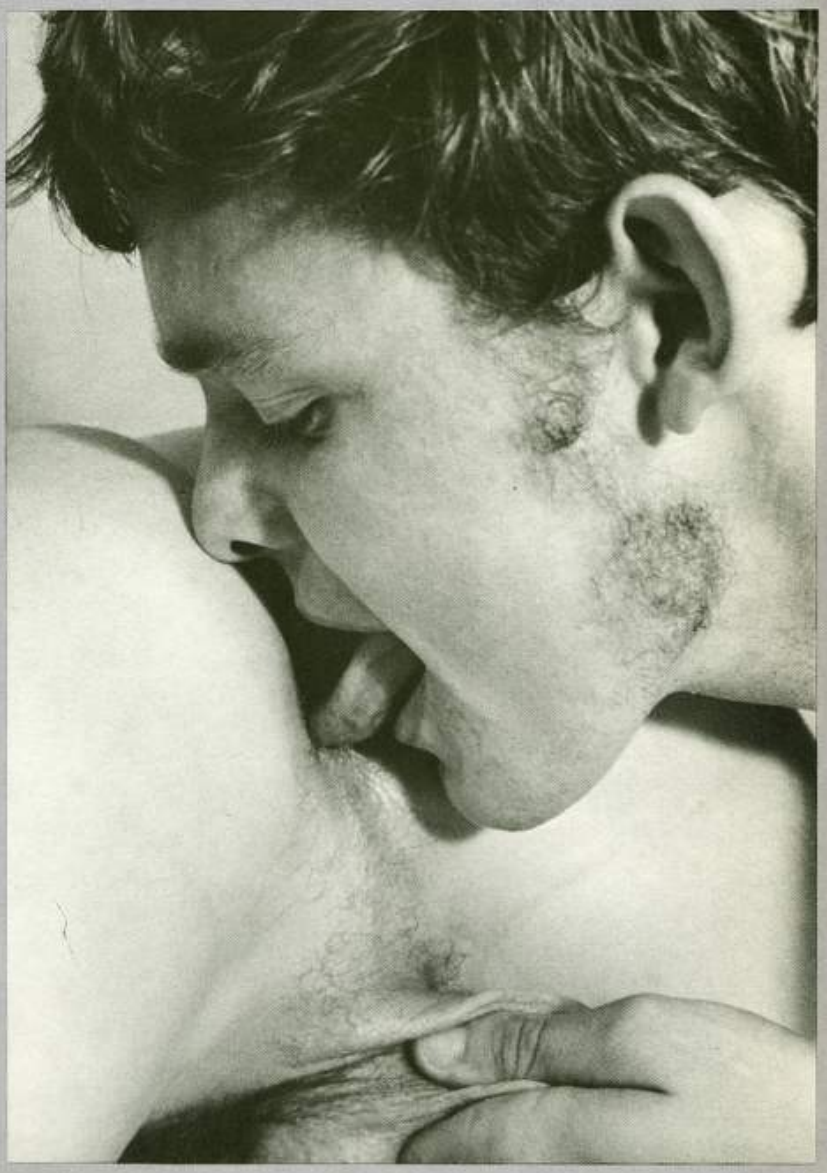

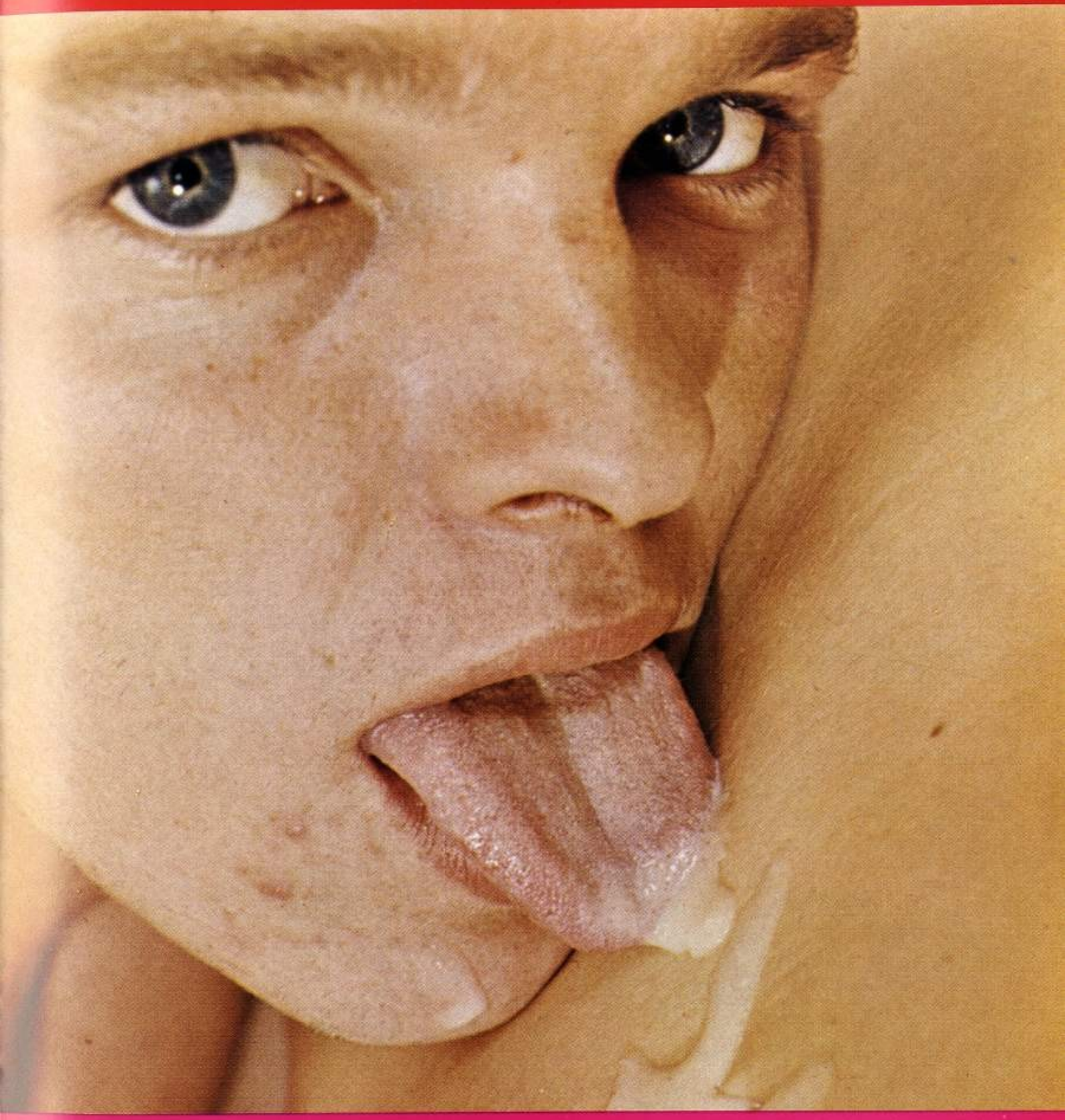

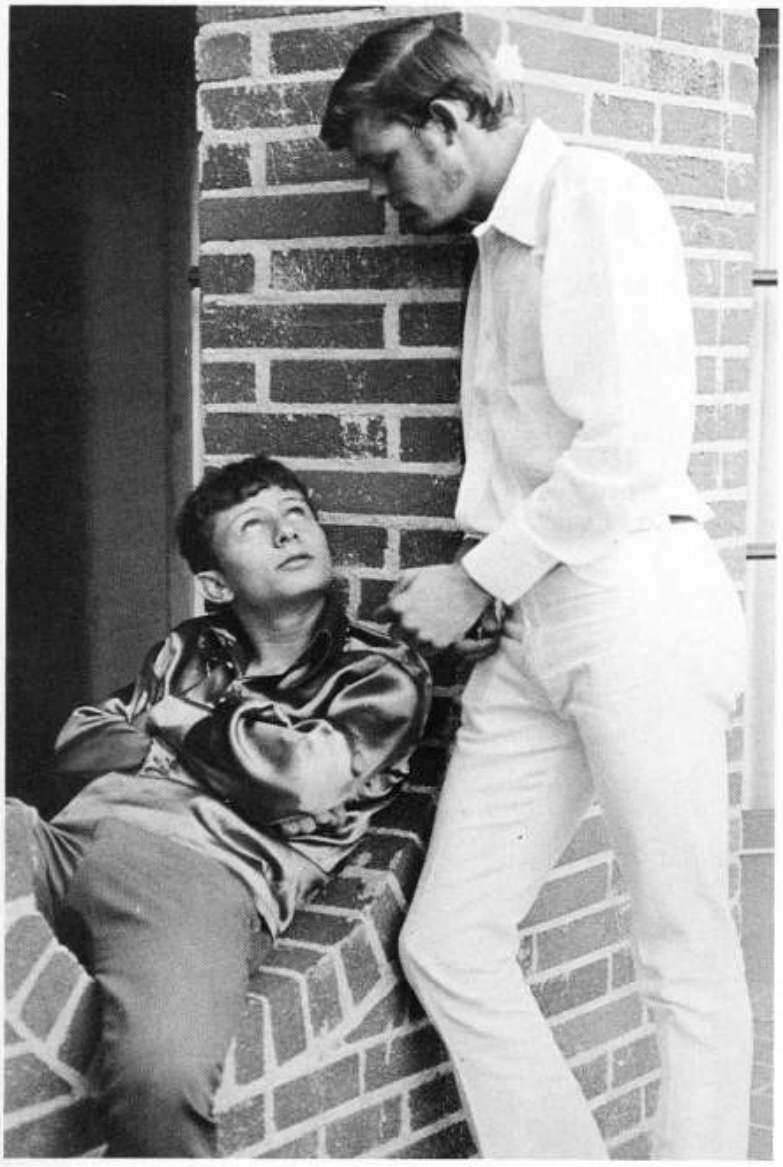

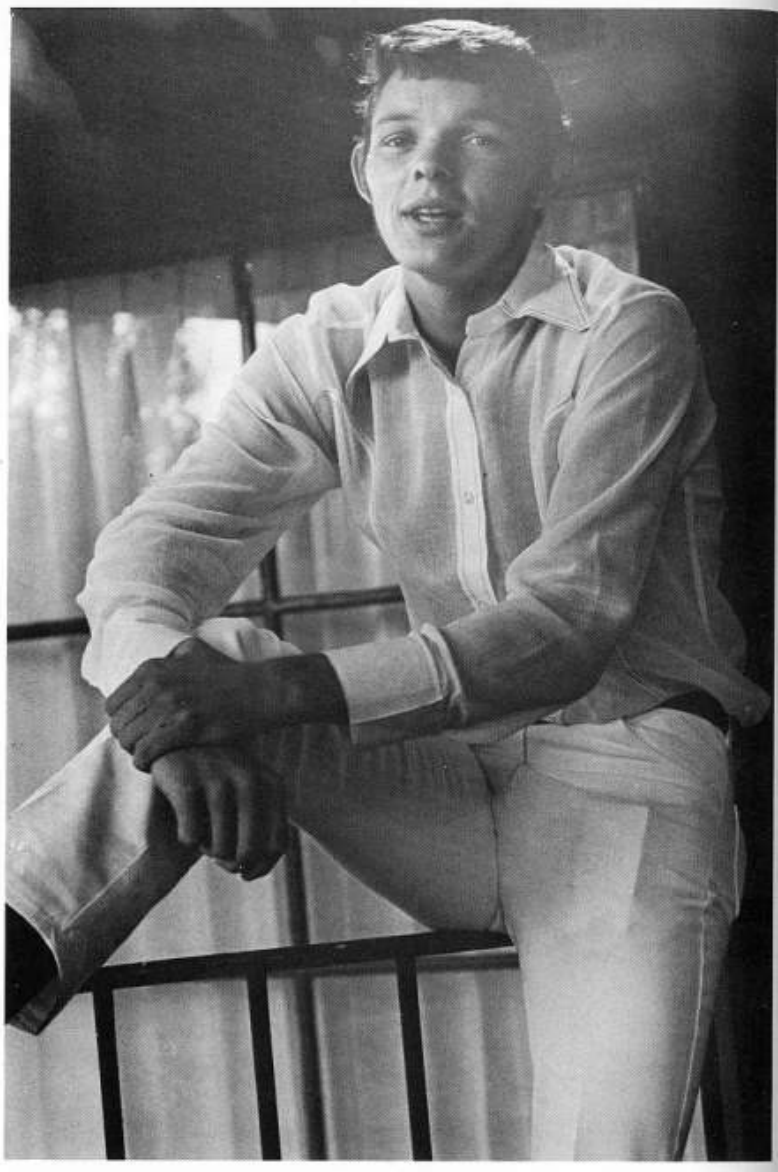

Larry went wild as he felt my long cock rise to its complete fullness and begin to blast off heavy ropes of hot cum. The room was filled with our moans of delight as we shot our loads of heavy sticky cum into each other's eager mouths.

How long we lay in each other's arms, I don't know. The only thing I did know was that I didn't want him to leave. I could hardly bear the thought of postponing the thrill of sliding the full length of Larry's gorgeous prick down my hungry throat again. He ran his tongue up the inside of my legs and then, spreading my legs apart he ran his hot, swirling tongue down into the crotch, beneath the balls, into the moist sensitive area of my ass.

I reared up. Larry, his tongue still working furiously, grasped my firm ass and let his tongue probe deep into the flavorful tender regions of my body. Slowly he moved his tongue back and forth, in and out of my tight-ringed hold. Larry sat back on his haunches and grinned. "Ready, my lovely cocksucker," he smirked, "Because I'm gonna fuck you silly."

His feverish prick searched and probed and prodded, lubricated with drops of cum and sweat,

it found its mark. Bit by fat bit it squeezed its painful way into my tight ass. Huge drops of perspiration dropped down from our bodies, glueing us tightly and odorously together. The smell of salty sweat and churned shit filled our nostrils. I looked up into Larry's smiling, handsome face and I didn't care if I was going to die from the pain of his gorgeous sweat-slick prick which was being shoved into my clingy ass. I just didn't give a fuck.

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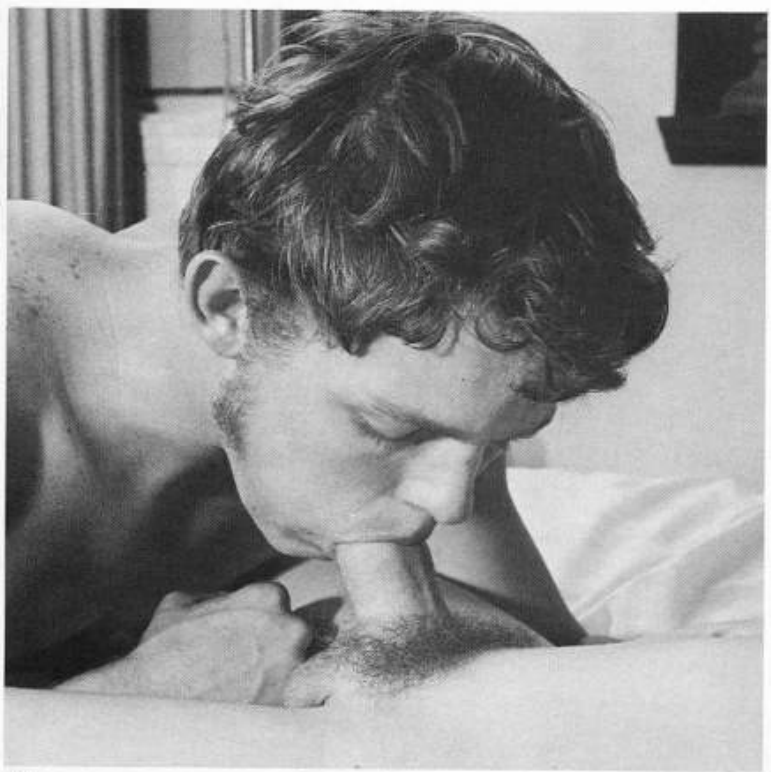
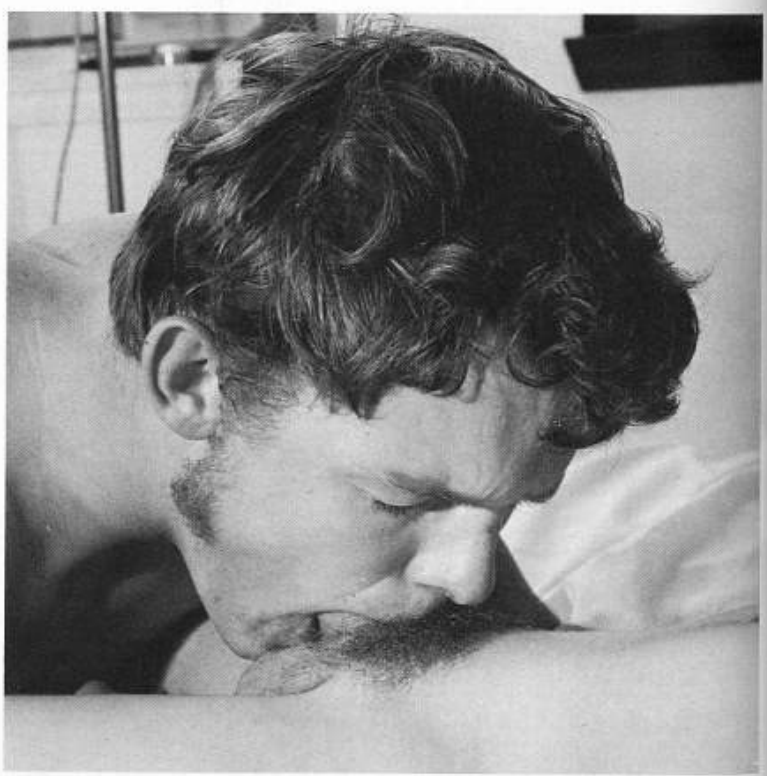
I wanted that prick. I wanted Larry. Then Larry started to fuck me, slowly at first, in and out, in and out, and my prick started to get stiffer, harder, standing straight up between our bodies.

Larry started to pound his dick in and out fast, then faster and faster as it got slicker and slicker. I could feel the broad, expanding head about to burst its sizzling load inside my churned bowels. It was the most magnificent fuck I'd ever felt in my life.

With a mighty lunge Larry shoved his flailing weapon all the way home. His balls banged against my asscheeks. I felt the hot creamy cum blow up into my ass as it blasted repeatedly out of Larry's thick, hot, long prick. Cum shot up into me, all the way up into my guts. I felt my own cock pulse and throb as Larry's cock rippled over my prostate, and then boiling cum was spewing out, jerking all over my chest, up to my chin.





Drops of my own cum hit me in the face and I licked it, greedily, from my lips and chin as Larry kept fucking, fucking, fucking, until the last drop of cum was splashed out of his slippery prick and sent up into my asshole.

It took minutes for Larry to ease his prick out of my tight-clasping ass. Cum dribbled out of my ass in diluted rivulets. I liked the sensation of it and reached down to feel. Larry's prick was still hard and sticky with mixed brown cum and it felt beautiful in my hand as it slid reluctantly out of my asshole. When the head finally broke free with a loud, fragrant slurp, I turned and then proped myself up on one elbow.

We were both really spent. We lay in each other's arms for almost an hour before Larry suggested he'd better get back to his own place. Neither of us spoke much. We both knew what the other was thinking.

I didn't see him at all the next day, but on the Wednesday evening I was sitting down by the front of the building, watching the passing trade and hoping to see Larry again. I didn't have to wait long. He arrived home from work, looking just as fabulous as ever and with a look that indicated that he wanted to get it on again. But I wanted to fuck him this time and I said so. He wasn't too sure about that proposition, in fact he wasn't keen at all, but he was hot for some action.

He was a little sarcastic about getting my pecker up, as we got into bed, so I put a sugar lump on my dick and said, "Have a go at that. It might sweeten you up a little." He grinned and softened right away. He, in fact, got quite tender. He went down on me ever so gently, sucking me all the way down.

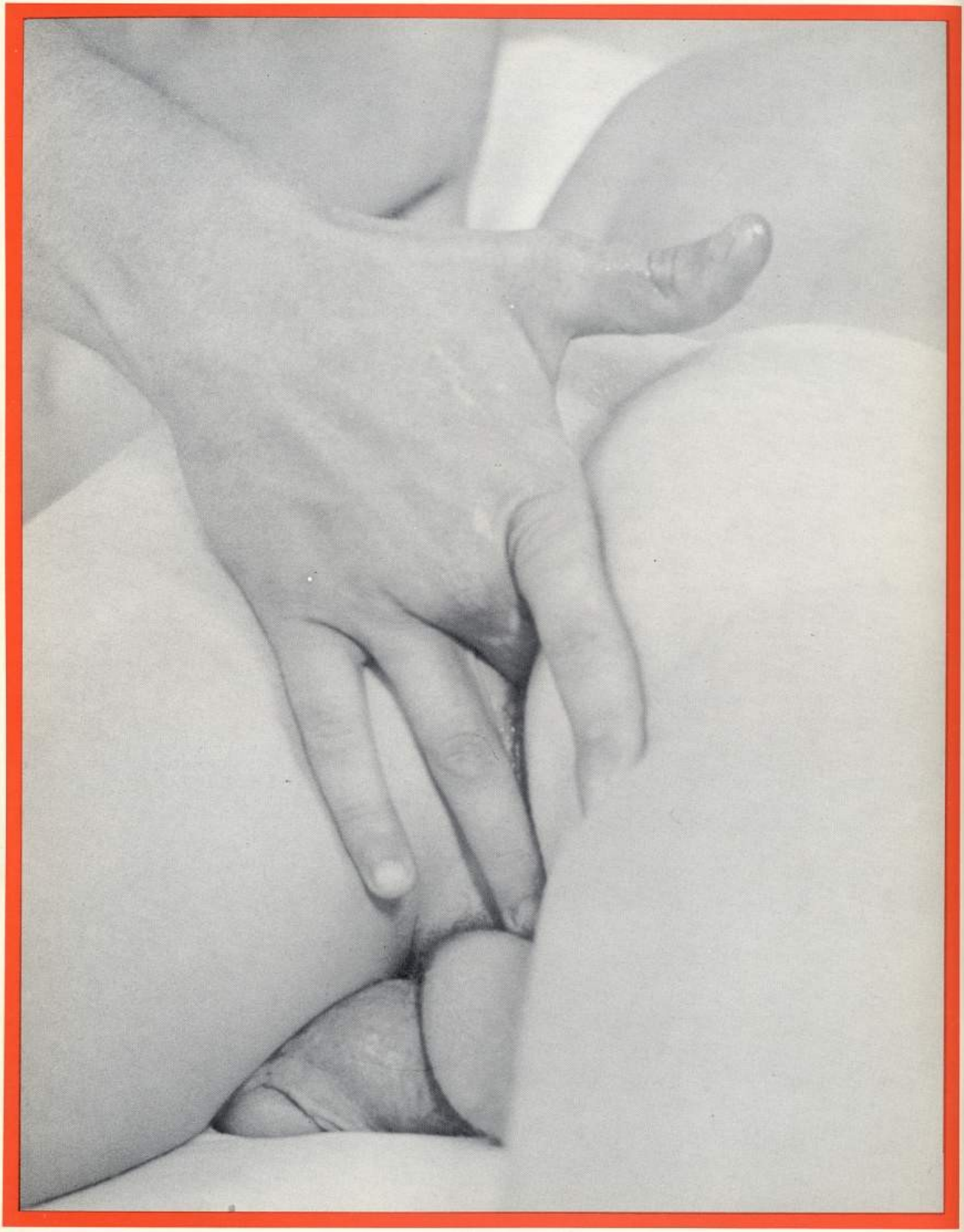
Then he rolled over, sweet as a lamb, and let me suck his ass. I put my mouth on his ass and he gasped aloud. I ran my tongue into his delicious slit and enjoyed the way he shivered with genuine excitement as I proceeded to eat his hole.

I was hotter than a firecracker. He straddled me and sat, taking my dick in his hands, slowly, carefully he took aim as he lowered his gleaming ass down. Inch by inch my burning cock was sucked into his ass.

I had to move. I couldn't just lie there and do nothing. The heat in my balls was too intense. I started to fuck upwards with my hips. He moved up and down on my prong. He squirmed and twisted until the nob of my prick was almost out again, then sat down again all the way. I lifted my hips and pushed towards him and entered that tight, hot channel again. I drove it home in one long, slow thrust, until I touched bottom. We rested for a moment, my dong buried in him to the hilt.

Then I really began to fuck. I fucked slowly and easily for a while, increasing speed ever so gradually, working up to a fever pitch where I was pistoning in and out of him wildly, and then came my plunger in him as far as I could go.

We've been together frequently since then. We may even become regulars.



Not For Sale To Minors